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MAN'S MEASURE AND GOD'S MEASURE.

"What hast thou wrought? Is the world's demand.
Where is thy product, of brain or hand?"
That presented, the wise world says,
"Take this place!" And the man obeys.

Somewhat otherwise measures God—
Searches the soul with love's testing rod;
Gets its innermost depth and plan;
Ignores the product, exalts the man.

THE PACIFIC

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R1EAL CONTINUITY.

No wording more admirable is to be found in the new constitution of the Congregational National Council than that of the first paragraph where it is said, "Declaring the steadfast allegiance of the churches comprising the Council to the faith which our fathers confessed, which from age to age has found its expression in the historic creeds of the Church Universal and of this Communion," we set forth the things most surely believed among us concerning faith, polity and fellowship.

We call attention to the fact that allegiance is here declared to the faith which our fathers confessed rather than to the expression of it in the historic creeds. The faith is the vital thing—not its expression. The expression of it may have been faulty—imperfect, inadequate. Often it has been, and it has changed with the changing centuries. But the faith, vital, ever-living, has not changed. It is and has been as unchangeable as the Eternal in whom it centers.

There is continuity here of a very satisfactory kind. It gathers up and conserves all that is of lasting value in the historic creeds of Congregationalism and of the Church Universal. To have attempted anything other than this would have resulted in failure. Words to that effect might have been used, but practically they would have been futile.

Take for example that expression in an ancient creed which declares belief in the resurrection of the body. It is not generally accepted today. Others could be cited to which there is no longer allegiance.

The statements of doctrine made in years past by the National Council would be accepted only in a general way by the Congregational churches of today. Admirable as they are in comparison with the doctrinal statements of some other denominations, they are accepted only as Presbyterians have long accepted the Westminster Confession, "for substance of doctrine."

Rather surprisingly to the present writer there was an attempt at Kansas City to change this admirable wording. It came in its greatest strength from one of the most liberal in doctrine. The Rev. Dr. J. A. Adams, formerly editor of the Advance, writes of it as follows in The Continent: "There were strong manifestations of conservatism in the Council when attempts were made to emasculate the declaration of belief with which the new constitution begins. When the young pastor of Center Church, New Haven, pleaded for what he called 'the note of reality,' by which he meant less of faith, another New Haven pastor, who was none other than Dr. Newman Smyth, once charged with heresy, sprang to his feet, and argued for a positive declaration in tones of earnestness which electrified the great assembly. Everything that meant belief was kept in the statement of faith by a majority which was so overwhelming as to be crushing."

It was concerning the preamble from which we have quoted that this vigorous discussion arose, and our thought is that it must have been misunderstood by Mr. Maurer, but understood and rightly interpreted by Dr. Smyth. Mr. Maurer seemingly was afraid that the wording declared allegiance to the historic creeds. Therefore he desired a change. Dr. Smyth recognized that it did not so declare; that the declaration of allegiance was to the faith of our fathers and not to their expression of it. Therefore he plead for no alteration, so that we might go on claiming our apostolic succession in the faith of the church.

COMMENTS ON THE WORK OF CONGREGATIONAL NATIONAL COUNCIL.

The Outlook says of the Statement of Faith: "It is remarkable for its brevity and evangelical simplicity, condensed as it is into less than 200 words, strongly contrasting thus with the extended statement set forth in 1883. * * The collective churches may be congratulated on the model now presented of a working creed admirably suited to modern needs."

The Rev. Dr. Adams, formerly editor of The Advance, says in The Continent: "This National Council has done things. It has bent, if not broken, the spinal column of an independency which was in danger of becoming too stiff to bow to modern conditions. The watchword of the body in making the changes and reorganiing the denomination has been efficiency. Congregatioalists are more concerned to be useful than they are to preserve any cherished polity or policy of the past. They are willing to throw an old thing on the scrap heap if thereby they can more successfully meet the tremendous forces of evil and push the kingdom of God out toward the horizon or down into the deeper needs of the city slum."

The editor of the Congregationalist saw it as "a great, efficient, brotherly, forward-looking meeting, attended by men not seeking their own ends but the things of Christ, devoid of petty politics, bent on manifesting essential unity amid diversities of method and opinion, eager to bring united power to bear upon the needs of men."

The Christian Register remarks as follows:

"The framing of a new creed by the Congregationalists, in session in Kansas City, is itself a sign of better things; and the language of the creed proposed is broad enough to make some members fear that it is too broad. The tendency to express faith not in formulas, but in statements of vital experience, is noticeable. If such a creed had been proposed a century ago, there would have been no Unitarian heresy. A doctrine of Trinity disappears in affirmations which any Unitarian could use if he had occasion to do so. The phrase about the Holy Spirit 'who taketh of the things of Christ and revealeth them to us,' is not, it must be admitted, exactly inevitable, nor does its reason for itself distinctly appear The Holy Spirit connotes a direct relation between the souls of men and the life of God. No better definition could be made than that

of the title of Henry Scougal's 'The Life of God in the Soul of Man.' The 'things of Christ' are their own revealing, and we need no intermediary to bring us into relation with them. But why have a creed at all? The less we describe what we think, and the more we show our faith in our purposes and spirit, the better we shall be understood. Explanations and platforms produce more division than they prevent. Actual unity is pushing theoretical unity off the the field."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

"Your college has a great mission," said the Greek Patriarch, of Constantinople, to President Gates of Robert College, recently. Dr. Gates says in way of comment: "The events of this year lend added emphasis to this remark of an unbiased observer. One of the great lessons our students learn is to respect and tolerate one another's feelings and opinions, widely as they differ from their own, and it is a lesson of great value in the Near East."

In a recent address to the students at Yale, President Hadley said: "The first, and in some respects the most fundamental, of the Yale ideals is that of public service. To fit men for public employment in church and State; these were the words of our original charter, which have been repeated with but slight change in the subsequent charters of almost all American colleges. Not private emolument, but public usefulness; not the gain to be made for one's self, but the gain to be achieved for the Commonwealth; this was the object in the minds of the founders, this has been the purpose in the heart of generations of boys and men. How well the lesson was learned at Yale and at other colleges is seen in the long line of Presidents and governors, of legislators and of judges, who have laid the foundations for their career in their college life; it is seen also in the impress which the college life of these men has stamped upon the public life of the American nation. But the public service of Yale and of colleges like Yale does not stop with the work of preparing men to fill political offices. Everyone who uses his talents primarily for other men and only secondarily for himself is a public servant. The honorable man of business who treats his work as a trust renders public service. The scientific discoverer renders public service. The preacher who makes the church an influence in the life of the world renders public service. All constructive thought is public service—often unappreciated at the time, almost always underpaid, but worth many times more to the world than the things which bring money and reputation."

At the recent Jewish Chatauqua in San Francisco a paper was read which bore the title, "An Inquiry into the Reason for the Existence of Prejudice against the Jew." In the course of the paper it was said: "Every Jew has at one time or other been called a Christ-killer. A two-fold ignorance is the basis for this taunt, which in itself is merely the babbling of school children, but which derives its importance solely from the fact that many Gentiles are taught almost in their infancy to regard the Jew as the murder of Christ, and this idea is in many cases never eradicated from the mind. In the first place, the Jew had less to do with the crucifixion than the Roman; at any rate no more. In the second, it implies a complete lack of historical knowledge to attach blame to the Jew for even his share in that momentous transaction. It resulted entirely from the world-old dispute between the orthodox and the heterodox. Nineteen centuries ago, the religious and civil governments were practically one; heresy was considered to be treason precisely as was a similar offense against the government. Jesus was the leader of a new religious sect, not of Christianity, for Christianity had not yet been formulated into a new religion, nor indeed had its basic doctrines been promulgated, but of a new Jewish sect with a small following. The Jews therefore in urging his trial and insisting on his doom were acting merely in accordance with the spirit of the times and the customs of the day. He belonged as leader to a sect that was opposed by the majority of his co-religionists, and as a result, perfectly in accordance with the ideas of the age, he paid the penalty with his life."

YALE POPULAR AMONG THE DISCIPLES.

A correspondent of The Christian Evangelist, of St. Louis, writes as follows of the popularity of Yale Divinity School among the churches of the Disciples of Christ, called also the "Christian" Church:

"The Disciple group in Yale Divinity School ranks second in number. There are twenty-seven men enrolled, while the next group above has thirty-odd. In unity, fellowship and group consciousness it is probable that the Disciples stand first. Nearly every one of our colleges is represented by one or more men. All of them are bearing their part in the university life and rank well in the class room.

"Perhaps no similar number of men among us is doing more for Christian unity than are these men who are making known in college hall and in student gatherings, the name 'disciple.' Here leaders of many forces are mingling together and learning to understand each other so there will be fewer misunderstandings in the future. Most of our men are preaching for other churches than our own, thus broadening themselves and helping other men to a larger vision.

"The Churches of Christ are under a heavy debt to Yale because of the courtesies shown her ministers. All the men have free tuition, and the unmarried men have free rooms, simply paying for heat and light. In addition to this, all the vast resources of the institution are at their command. Many of the men secure valuable scholarships.

"One is impressed by the warm spiritual atmosphere that pervades the lecture rooms here. There is great help to be had, if a man is looking for the best, and has discriminating judgment. Dean Brown is a master spirit, and many of the professors are men of fine quality. This great university is creating a fine group of leaders for our churches."

THE BIBLE AND THE SCHOOL.

Henry Collin Minton, LL.D.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."

The Psalmist counted the Word of God as a thing of very great value. It served the purpose of a personal guide, it constantly marked out the path for his weary feet; and it gave him the light he needed to proceed along the way.

But if the man of God, so many long centuries ago, when the word had in it the Law and the Prophets only, prized it so highly, how much more should the Word be prized today, when its lamp is so much brighter and its light so much more full and clear? The promises of the Prophets are now fulfilled in the narratives of the Gospels. Today the story of the Messiah is sober history and not the songs and

raptures of far-sighted seers of God.

It is a signal note of true Christianity that it always emphasizes and exalts Holy Scripture. It has been said indeed that the Bible is the religion of Protestants,' but while Protestantism builds on Scripture, the remark is too broad to be in every sense accurate and true.

Of course, it is possible to be unreasonable and superstitious about the Bible. There is no good thing so good but it may be abused or misused. The Mohammedan believes the Koran to be dictated from heaven in every minute part and point and thus he calls it Divine. The Bible is a book in form like other books, addressed to our reason and soliciting our faith. Speaking generally, inspiration is the doctrine which holds that the Bible is God's Word to us, and accordingly it is to be handled reverently and studied with loving diligence and prayer. True religion may exist where there is no book. A man may be a Christian without being able to read, but it will be a great handicap to his being a well-grown Christian. A man may be blind but he is an exceptional man. The Bible is not to take the place of God or of Jesus Christ, of whom it is the object of the Bible to tell us. We search the Scripture because they testify of Christ.

Still, let it be understood that we hold on to our Bible. There is no other book like it. Sir Walter Scott said on his death bed, 'There is but one Book.' Critics cannot destroy or discredit it. It is built into the history of the civilized world. Civilization itself acknowledges its teachings as fundamental and supreme. It somehow makes character, moulds faith and shapes life in a way absolutely unique and alone.

I say that the Bible touches and moulds character as nothing else does. Arithmetic is worth while but there is no character seed in the multiplication table. Grammar is important, but it only tells us how to express our thoughts and not what thoughts to think. Knowledge is peril as well as power. Carlyle said. 'For the devil to know the multiplication table is for him to be that much less of a devil,' but Carlyle must have known that the rascals that swindle the government, and the grafters that turn the law into the defense of the law-breakers and the wicked miscreants that defy the laws of God and man, are often too well versed not only in the multiplication table, but in the arts and intrigues of refined iniquity that are to be achieved only by men whose brains are trained, but whose hearts are hearts of stone.

It is simple fact that Bible teaching pervades and permeates Christian civilization. The Code of Sinai underlies man-made systems. The Common Law accepts Moses as an undisputed authority. The oath is an appeal to Almighty God. These things are built into the very foundation of a truly free country where character is the asset of the citizens and where good citizens are the chief asset of the nation. The Bible tends to make good men; only good men can be good office-bearers or public servants anywhere.

So, it has been, from the first one of the traditions of our country that the Bible should have a recognized place in our common school system of education. Opposition to it and protests against it have been I imagine, of rather recent origin. In some States the supreme court has ruled the use of the Bible in the common schools to be unconstitutional. Last year Pennsylvania and Georgia had the question up for legislation, with, I believe directly opposite results.

This opposition comes from several quarters: First, from those who deny the truth of the Bible. Occasionally an atheist objects, as an infringment of his rights as an American citizen, that his child shall be taught what he—that is the atheistic father—does not believe. He pays his taxes and his will should be respected. This is an individualism which would destroy all government and all society as well.

Second: There are those who insist that the state should have nothing whatever to do with religion, and therefore the Bible must go. This theory cuts deep. It is the secular theory of the nation and is not American. "The powers that be are ordained of God." The state has no authority unless it is Divine. I dare to say that there is no authority which I am bound to respect or to obey which is not, in its last analysis, Divine authority. All authority is Divine or it is not authority. The parent stands in the place of God to the child and therefore we read, 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' Capital punishment is only common murder if the state has no authority above the level of our own. The supreme court has said, 'This is a Christian nation,' and the supreme court ought to know. The state exempts church property from taxation, and Judge Lanning used to say that this is only because the state acknowledges the value of the service which the church renders to the state and that if the church should go to sleep and fail to render that service the terms of the statue have entirely failed.

Congress is opened at every session with prayer to God, and once a year we keep the nation's Thanksgiving day. All this is proof that the American state, from the first and from the very genius of its spirit and history, as interpreted by its own highest tribunal, has not been non-committal nor negative in its attitude toward Christianity.

Third: Others say in somewhat the same strain that the church alone should teach religion. This view is held by those who devoutly maintain that the church is supreme in every sphere, and that the state, in all its constitution and statutes, is subject to the church. Crowned potentates must bow before pontiffs, and kings rule only by right or leave of those who embody or embrace the oracles and authority of the Sovereign God himself. Those who take this viey do not ordinarily profess to be friends of the public school. They often act consistently with their principles and send their children, not to the schools supported by the state, but to those supported by the church. They feel it is a hardship and an injustice to be compelled to contribute to the support of the schools of the state in addition to those which their children actually attend. On principles of fairness, then, they would call for a segregation of state school funds in order that parochial schools may have their due recognition and support.

It is an interesting policy that objects to the use of the Bible in our public schools, thus making them Godless as possible, and then make that very Godlessness a basis of objection to these schools.

It must be obvious that an ecclesiastical distribution of our school funds and forces would involve difficulties which, to the American mind, might well seem insurmountable.

A Presbyterian school here and a Methodist school across the street; an Episcopalian school around the corner; a Roman Catholic school on the next street and a Hebrew school a little beyond would be confusion—worse—confounded. Many today are pronouncing sects anathema, but that would be only to indoctrinate and ingrain sectarianism. The common school is the greatest force we have to weld all the various nationalities and heterogeneous ideas that come to us into one good, wholesome, composite Americanism.

The plain truth is that while this is a delicate and difficult matter and while there should be on all sides the spirit of utmost consideration and mutual respect, there is but one of two ways possible and open to our choice: Either we must accept some things as settled or abandon all traditions and throw our charts to the wind. This is a Christian nation and Christianity is part of the Common Law of the land. So speaks the supreme court. The Bible is pre-eminently Christianity's book, and is a Christian nation to shut out Christianity's book from the instruction of its youth?

No, the Bible is not a sectarian book, it is the book of our common Christianity. In Portland last July a man with pious voice said that we should keep the Bible out until we are able to find out what Christianity is. It was only a veiled attack upon the Bible and upon the school. There are some things we know. All Christians agree in their faith in God, in Jesus Christ, in the Bible, in the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule, and it is libel upon our Christian civilization, as well as upon the Church of God, to insinuate that after two milenniums that have passed into history since Bethlehem and Nazareth and Calvary and Olivet, we are yet to wait till we can agree what true Christianity is. It is not man's creed, but God's Word that is to be read.

There are those who criticise the schools because they are not Christian enough and so they send their boys and girls elsewhere; others critise the schools because they are too Christian and their rights are violated in teaching their children what they think is but falsehood or folly. Between Scylla and Charibdis surely the safe thing to do is to take a direct course and steer straight ahead.

Fourth:: There are others who oppose use of the Bible in the school simply because they think they wish to be tolerant and fair without considering what is involved in the position they choose. Shall we dismiss all mention of Christmas from the American school because some do not believe in Christ? Shall we cease to sing 'America' because some think it foolishness to pray 'God Bless our PACIFIC AH C Native Land,' whether or not it is our 'native' land, and because some refuse to take the hated name upon their lips in calling ours the land of 'the pilgrims' pride?

This is going rather far. Refugees from other lands, seeking safety and freedom in our own, should thank God and content themselves to enjoy what they find. We welcome them at our gates, but they should not count us rude if we refuse to let them pull down our walls. If American freedom and patriotism and citizenship abandon faith in the things that make them what they are, if we cease to be loyal to Jesus Christ as King of kings, then these incoming millions may as well have remained under the hoary regimes of their crumbling empires, for the death knell of all that is fresh and great and free and good in this New World has been sounded once for all.

The faith that makes a man great is the faith that makes a nation great. A nursery without a Bible means a Godless family and invites the dire destiny of hatred and disunion. The public school is the nursery of the nation. Shall our boys and girls read there of Caesar and Cromwell and Washington and be left in pagan ignorance and heathen darkness concerning One whose light outshines and will outlast them all, the Man of Nazareth, whose breath is the spirit of life, whose sceptre is the gentle sway of love and whose name is above every name?

Trenton, N. J.

JUSTICE TO THE CHINESE.

C. R. Hager.

Much has been said in public and in private about Peace between Japan and America, and there have been many ministers and missionaries who have championed the cause of the Japanese and declared the recently enacted California land law as unjust because it disturbed the friendly relations of the United States and Japan, and the matter has not been overstated, but what affects the Japanese affects also the Chinese and the Hindus. The query then arises, Where are the champions for the denizens of China? The Chinese not only are not privileged to hold any land in their own name in California, but for thirty-one years they have even been refused admittance, not only to California but also to all the states of the Union.

Our President was very anxious that the California alien land law should not pass, not because it affected the Chinese, but because it affected the Japanese, who are not the weak nation that the Chinese are. Does it not make a difference with modern Christianity whether the object of our concern is strong or weak? Japan is confessedly strong and cannot be treated with the same derision as China and hence there are hundreds who are ready to defend her interests, though she has never ben so shamefully treated by some of the so-called Christian nations as China has.

We talk much in our day of meting out justice to the poor and downtrodden, but evidently this does not include the Chinese. There is no fear at present that China will seize any of our ports and hence we never question the right or wrong of our treatment of her citizens. If any of them are found in the United States without proper credentials they are hurried off to China and little if anything is said about it. England compels China to admit her Indian opium and when the latter pleads with her to stop its nefarious trade in this curse that has almost ruined China, she blandly admits that the trade is indefensible, but that it cannot be stopped. She never would treat Japan in the same way. She not only has enriched the pockets of her Indian merchants with this baneful narcotic but on various pretexts has secured a considerable portion of China. Germany and France seeing the same have also clamored for their share of the spoils and taken several important ports, and now comes Russia, which is seizing Mongolia. Japan has already received Formosa; Korea and Manchuria will probably follow. France took over Cochin China and will probably want some more, while England will probably not be satisfied with Tibet and Hongkong, but will want another slice of China's territory, notwithstanding she has almost ruined China with her opium. True, she has finally agreed not to send any more opium to China, but what power is going to stop its coming into China via Tibet and Mongolia. Alas, the Christian world's treatment of China has been anything but Christian. We dare not treat our equals in the same way, and it is only because China is weak that she receives such treatment at the hands of the world's great power, justice never enters into the question. We build our magnificent Temple of Peace at the Hague, but before we can have peace we must have justice, and China certainly has not been justly treated by the nations of the world, and yet even Californi confesses that the Chinese are better people than some of the other immigrants that enter our domain.

Would we dare to treat China as we are doing if she were as well armed as Japan? No, indeed, we should think

twice before we should pass laws that are detrimental to the most long-lived nation of the world. There is much being said that the Japanese cannot assimilate with Americans sociologically and even biologically, but what is true of the Japanese is also true of the Chinese, even though the Chinese are not so very anxious to marry our American women. In fact intermarriage has nothing to do with the question and on general principles, persons entering the matrimonial state should choose those of their own nations unless the parties have enjoyed the same education and practically hold the same fundamental ideas. Said one of our missionary physicians who had been on Ellis Island; That the incoming immigrants need the American education, and if they can have this, and be compelled to live among Americans they will in due time become to all intents and purposes good Americans, and the same is true of even the Japanese and Chinese. There is no more danger of a Chinese or a Japanese who is thoroughly imbued with our American principles than there is of an Englishman or a German. The great nations of the world should defend the weak and not exploit them as has so often been done. Justice is demanded by every weak nation and for one I raise my voice against the exploitation of China by foreign powers and ask that the United States should treat the citizens of the Chinese Empire as she does some of her other immigrants that are no better than the Chinese. But according to the modern world's code of honor, when a man is down, he is no longer to be considered or recognized. It is the successful men that the world adores, not the fallen nor beaten ones. Right does not always enter into the question. And what is true of the treatment of individuals is true of nations. Might and not right rules in the affairs of nations and so China has to take her medicine notwithstanding it is wrong, and her reformers are swept from the board as so many wicked and designing men. No wonder that a missionary writing of "China's Millions," should advocate that Christianity should not become China's state religion, when there are so many poor examples of the same among the so-called Christian powers of the world. The millennium will never come on this earth until every man and every nation is treated justly, whether that man or nation is white, black, yellow or brown.

FISHING AND FOLLY.

Lessons Learned from Catching Trout.

Rev. J. B. Orr.

It is not folly to fish, but it is folly for fish to bite. Fish do not know it is difficult to beat a man at his own game. Fun for fisherman, folly for fish; one gets a fish, the other gets fooled. "How do you make your living?" was asked a wheel-of-fortune man. "I make it by this wheel; come and try your luck." "But how can we both make our living from it?" That is the point trout do not know. Fisherman and trout are both out for their breakfast, and how can both be fed by the same bait, Consider, then, "Fishing and Folly."

There is a clear distinction between the reality of sin and the unreality of what sin promises. Bait, hook, line, pole, angler, are all very real; but what they promise turns out an unreality. The unsuspecting fish anticipated a dainty morsel, but instead he received a sharp hook, a torn mouth, a sudden yank, an aerial flight, and a sudden slip into a basket. Man and tackle are fearfully real but the breakfast expected is a delusion and a snare. Maintain this distinction when you think, talk and act! Sins are real yet unreal; they exist as the fisherman and his outfit, but are unreal in the sense they never do as they say they will. Unreal is defined in The Standard as "having no reality, no actual substance or existence; no sincerity; artificial." Is there any food value to a professor fly? Does not the bright object represent 'no actual substance or existence'? Is not the angler insincere? I think we must admit that what looks like food and is offered as food, is a decoy, a falsehood, an unreality.

In the August Homiletic Review, Dr. Wolefkin says of the writer of Ecclesiastes: "The objects he so feverishly pursued are in the main so many mirages which decoy men to disappointment." "As when a hungry man dreameth, and behold he eateth, and he waketh and his soul is empty."

This twofold fact is horribly true of every bait called sin. Evil is dropped before us as tastefully as possible. Social drinking is enhanced by mirrors, music, pictures and play. The fish now is a youth and the bait is a glass of wine, which claims to give mirth. As a trout holds for a second the worm or grasshopper before it discovers the real conditions, so the youth for a brief hour is apparently happy; but oh, the awakening when he feels the hurt and pull of unseen hook and hand and finds himself wrested from his stream! Sin is champagne at night and real pain in the morning.

Think of how we catch fish and discover how sin catches us. We offer the speckled beauty a delicious relish and have no intention he shall have it, if we can beat him to it. The first law then in fishing is deceit. The angler is sly. Artfully he drops in his line and draws it along in the water. He is so dexterous he evades detection by his prey. The novice is told: Slip up quickly to the bank, cast your line over the edge without being seen, crowd behind a bush or boulder, use all the cunning of your nature, do not give the fish a fair chance—be a sneak; take him by stealth—all things are fair in love, war and fishing. Not only is the angler sly, he is cowardly. Consider the instruments of warfare he employs to defeat the little unarmed denizens of another world. A mosquito sings before it lights; pugilists shake hands before they fight, a snake rattles before it strikes, but the cowardly angler hides, and strikes from behind cover. In most transactions both parties get some value even if one exceeds the other, but in fishing something is offered for nothing and ends in nothing given for something. Every sin is guilty of one or both of these counts. Sin is shy. It cunnigly works and at first goes undetected. Liquor promises added strength, steadier nerve, clearer brain but ends the user weak, jaded, foggy. The social evil tells the youth of pleasure, the maiden of companionship, and both find too late that sin is a gay deceiver. Dishonesty and falsehood make fair overtures and secure many followers, all are doomed to the same end as the sailor who drinks salt water to quench his thirst or the child who runs to the rainbow end to find a pot of gold. Sin is sly, it glides into the garden of childhood and tells of denied yet near by fruits adapted to make for happiness and wisdom.

Sin too is cowardly. Arouse all latent indignation against the organized forces which stand in the back ground while evil is offered our young people. Back of the saloon keeper are brewer and distiller and back of these the city which

legalizes the traffic. Some years ago in Chinatown San Francisco, I saw a Chinese merchant giving a free opium smoke. Wall seemed innocent enough and several while I watched availed themselves. Back of that gratuitous pipe lay the opium den and opium trade.

Bill boards most winsomely portray the 'joy of life' through using a certain brand of cigarettes. Back of the bill board fly is the silken cord of early habit, the rod of older habits and the cruel arm of settled habit. What fish if it could, would not drop the angry hook that lacerates its mouth! Not dissimilar the cigarette smoker. Find one who begins to realize there is a cruel hook in his throat, a cord pulling and a pole lifting: who does not regret he ever nibbled at the bait called nicotine. If God would trust me with money I would hire the boards beside cigarette signs and picture the gradual degeneration of the cigarette fiend. A single proverb discloses the truth: wine is a mocker, whosoever is deceived is not wise. So is every sin a mocker and every sinner unwise.

WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION RESOLUTIONS.

The following resolutions were adopted at the recent state convention:

1. Since the blessing of Almighty God has been showered upon our efforts of the past year that our motto for this year be "Forward," and that we double our diligence to overcome every foe of the home, the State, and the nation. Whereas, our civilization is based upon the truths of the Bible, and the book is a literary marvel in itself therefore be it resolved that we continue our efforts to have the Bible reinstated in our public school.

2. Resolved, that we favor the passage of a Sunday Rest Law.

3. In view of the fact that we, as members of the W. C. T. U., believe that war is not the divinely appointed way of settling difference, Resolved that we gladly express our approval of the policy of the present administration in its efforts and purpose to avoid war with Mexico, and will use our influence to preserve peace.

4. Resolved, That we endorse most heartily, the initiative measure now on in our State, by which the prizefights are to be banished from California.

5. That we urge the Senate to pass at once the bill now pending against all illicit shipments of opium, making the "Pact" on which almost all nations in the civilized world agreed. Bill has already passed the house.

6. Whereas, the liquor traffic is the foundation evil which the W. C. T. U. opposes; Whereas, the business is licensed and protected by Government; Whereas Government is founded on ballots; Resolved, That the W. C. T. U. should cast ballots for parties and candidates who oppose the liquor traffic.

7. Whereas, the Redlight and Abatement Law is to be submitted to referendum vote, be it resolved that we devote our best energies to a canvass, concerning the law to educate the uniformity of its importance, and to neutralize the falsehoods circulated by the enemies of virtue.

8. Whereas, men's management has brought our present political crisis; Resolved, that we insist upon the reorgnition of the ethical element concerning all measures and candidates and help men by standing firmly not for, expediency, but for the principles we advocate.

9. Resolved; That this convention deplore the modern dress of many women in its immodest tendency and that we advise the members of this convention to combine in the united effort against it, and to pass the message on to other organizations.

10. Realizing the wide influence of press, for morality and righteousness, we kindly request the newspapers of California to bar from their columns all liquor advertisements, and hereby authorize our secretary to make this request known to the newspaper publishers of the State.

11. Resolved: That we endorse the Kenyon Injunction Act against the social evil in the District of Columbia, and urge the House to pass the bill as has the Senate.

(This bill was unanimously passed by the Senate Jan. 17th, 1913.)

12. Believing that a special blessing is bestowed and a great hindrance removed by the practice of proportionate and systematic giving. Resolved, That we strive to educate our members to the importance of this department, and enlist them in observing God's financial plan.

13. Resolved, That we spread the idea of substituting psychological training schools for insane asylums as quickly as possible.

14. Resolved, That we urge the Lea-Sims bill protecting the 40 States which have out-lawed the prizefights, against the circulation of pictures, and securing of bets, on prizefights promoted in the eight backward States.

15. Whereas, much of the fiction published in our popular magazines is filled with tobacco smoke and the fumes of liquor, be it resolved, that we as a body and as individuals enter our protest against this insidious form of tobacco and liquor advertising.

16. Resolved, That we use our influence to have a dry zone around all army posts in our State.

17. Resolved, That we favor the elections of the regents of the State University by direct vote.

18. Believing that the "so-called" "Traveling Carnivals" are pernicious in their effects, therefore, be it resolved, that we place ourselves on record as opposing the licensing of such carnivals by our city officials, and that we co-operate with such officials in securing competent censorship of carnivals and shows seeking license to exhibit.

19. Whereas, many patrons of the saloon are drawn there by its social attraction, generally before the appetite for liquor has been formed, Therefore resolved, that during the coming year we push the work of substitution by the Friendly Inn, with its wholesome recreation and attraction.

ADDRESSES AT W. C. T. U. CONVENTION ON THE RED LIGHT BILL.

Hon. L. D. Bonnett gave the first address. He is the man who introduced the Red Light Bill in the Assembly and was most influential in pushing it past the House. He reviewed the fortunes of the Bill in its passage through the Legislature and declared that this law only makes it easier to enforce the law we now have. It is now unlawful for a house of prostitution to be in existence but it has been difficult of enforcement.

This law provides that any citizen can make complaint, when he has good reason to believe that a house is being used for lewd purposes and action has to be taken and upon proper proof, the house has to be declared a nuisance and cannot be used for any purpose for one year, unless bonds

are given that the house shall not be used again for immoral purposes.

The speaker declared that this abatement bill will close any house of this nature in the residence districts, just as it will in the segregated part of a city.

In all countries when regulation has been in vogue it only increases the nuisance. In many European countries serious efforts are being made to eliminate these plague spots. The only thing to do is to make every effort to eradicate this evil, root and branch.

It is not expected to wholly wipe out this evil by this bill; but it will to a very great extent accomplish the result. If course it will be educative to a high degree and serve to raise standards of morality; and inculcate change of ideals; and methods of conducting business, will bring to pass in time the results we are working for.

The ultimate good is the utter stamping out of this evil. The enemies of this bill in their action to attempt its overthrow are doing that which will be the means of more good —through the education it will give the masses of the people—than the enactment of the law itself.

Many questions, of course, will have to be settled which will adjust themselves as the necessities arise.

Honest employment was offered to all the habitues of Barbary Coast who would accept it and the same will be the case when this law is enforced.

The backbone of the opposition comes from those who will be financially injured by its enforcement; but the best elements will stand together for it.

The speaker urged the women of this organization, who were, more than any other, influential in the passing of this law, not to scatter their fire. That is, do not have to many interests in the fight at one time.

People do not want to be made too good all at once; therefore pile up all the influence you can muster for this one bill at this time, and you will be far more apt to have a great victory at the polls.

Senator Edwin E. Grant of San Francisco who presented the Red Light Bill in the Senate gave a fine address upon this Bill and the White Slave market.

The Senator reviewed the arguments used against this bill. These were merely subterfuges to hide behind in order to bolster up their own business. He told of the efforts in San Francisco to clear out the Barbary Coast, which has made the segregated district worse than ever. This thing has to be struck down at the roots as it is commercialized vice.

The speaker declared he intended to fight this thing to the bitter end—and had the greatest contempt for the man who rents his property for immoral purposes and then struts about as one worthy of notice in respectable society.

It has been claimed by some that this is a necessary evil; this is not true. It forms the main source from which the most dangerous diseases come and is degrading to the last degree.

The double standard for man and woman is a crime and leads to no end of evil.

Abraham Lincoln once witnessed an auction sale of colored slaves and he then declared if ever he got the chance he would hit that system and would hit it hard.

The opportunity came, and Lincoln did wipe that crime from the face of our nation. Were he alive today he would strike this evil with the same vigor and success.

Senator Grant received two letters from officials of Des Moines, Iowa, and they both declared that the Red Light Law is working well and is accomplishing all that was claimed for its passage. Those opponents of the Bill at the Legislature did not ask for any more letters from Iowa.

The Senator closed with an eloquent appeal for a strong fight before the people at the coming election.

The two speakers were given the White Ribbon salute and enthusiastic cheers.

FOUNDERS' DAY ADDRESS AT PACIFIC THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

Reminiscences by the Rev. Dr. W. C. Pond Relating to the Founding and Early History of the Seminary.

I have been asked to give you reminiscences of the early days of our Seminary, and I gladly consent The only drawback to my satisfaction is that the task involves a somewhat frequent recurrence of the pronoun, first person singular, unless indeed I use somewhat cumbrous circumlocutions which, after all, will mean the same as the somewhat offensive pronoun.

As far back as 1858, at the second meeting of our General Association (the previous meetings for fellowship, of which several had been held, not being regarded as large enough to bear a name so dignified), a committee of which Rev E .S. Lacy was the chairman, presented a vigorous report on the education of young men for the ministry, the first sentence of which gives the germinant idea of the whole brochure: "The distance stretching between us and the theological institutions of the East renders it necessary that we take measures for rearing a ministry of our own." The measures, however, suggested for meeting this necessity, did not include a seminary all our own.

I find in the minutes of the annual meetings of 1859 and 1860 intense expressions concerning the woful lack of both churches and pastors in our State, but no action proposed with reference to supplying this need, except by appealing to young men in Eastern seminaries. But the suggestion in Mr Lacy's report in 1858 was like a seed germinating in our hearts, as appears in the Report on Education presented at the session in 1860 by Brothers Ira P Rankin, E. G. Beckwith and E. P. Flint. The second resolution was as follows: "Resolved that we deem it of vital importance that, at the earliest day possible, facilities be provided within our own limits, for the education of a competent Christian ministry for the service of our own churches."

In 1861 a resolution was adopted recommending "a continued and increased interest in the College of California * * * as a special aid in training young men of our churches for the ministry of the Word."

In 1862 and 1863 the records reveal nothing said or done along this line. It is in 1864 that my reminiscences begin. I was chairman of the Committee on Education. Our report dwelt earnestly and somewhat at length on an awakening of interest in our public schools, and on the levying of a tax which would double the amount theretofore expended in sustaining them; urging the establishment of public high schools; or, if this could not be done, of academies supported by private beneficence. But the suggestion fraught with the most practical results was this: "The fact that three out of the four alumni of our college are contemplating preparation for the ministry suggests that the time is coming and now is when a theological seminary should be a matter of definite consideration with reference to practical action." Pursuant to this suggestion the Bay Association was appointed as a standing commitee to have this matter before their thoughts and to report progress from year to year. This led at the next meeting (1865) to the introduction and adoption of an elaborate report from a committee consisting of Revs. I. E. Dwinell and George Mooar and delegate James M. Haven proposing among other things this: that in view of the utter impossibility that any one denomination could establish a seminary a committee be appointed to correspond with representative men of other denominations inviting them to unite with us

in this effort. It seemed clear that by far the larger part of the studies pursued would be upon truth and duties in which all denominations would be agreed and that each denomination could safeguard its own young men and all its other interests by appointing a lecturer or even a professor whose theme should be the specialties of his own people. This committee consisted of the Revs. Dwinell Beckwith, and Pond; and Deacon T. B. Bigelow and Jacob Bacon.

This committee wrote in accordance with these instructions; and it perhaps represents the distance which Christ's followers have traveled towards unity, however far we may still be from it, to say that to our quite elaborate and very courteous communication, only one reply was received. This one, which came from Rev. Frederick Buel, who then represented the American Bible Society upon this coast, stated while the Presbyterians could not participate in founding such an institution, he thought that if we would found one, and if they had any young men looking towards the ministry they might send them to us.

Another striking token of the spirit of those days, is in the fact that before we had graduated our first class, a Presbyterian seminary was started, and the only young man of that denomination who had ventured into our little circle was withdrawn from us under threat of losing the aid of the Presbyterian Education Board.

The next meeting of the Association (that of 1866) was held at Sacramento, and this committee submitted its report. I shall never forget that hour. I have known no parallel to it at any meeting except the one at Cloverdale when we undertook to be no longer dependent on the National Home Missionary Society. In both cases we were awestruck at the immensity of the undertaking as compared with our resources, our churches being so few and almost all of them so feeble; and in both cases there came that sacred hush in which we instinctively recognize the presence and the power of the spirit of God. In response to our earnest and inwrought prayer, He bade us go forward, and we obeyed.

Legal advice had been secured as to the way to organize our corporation, and it came into existence forthwith under the name of "The Congregational Theological Seminary of California." This was afterwards changed under legal advice to the even more cumbrous title of 'The President and Board of Trustees of the Pacific Theological Seminary."

It is interesting and pathetic to follow in the records of the trustees the efforts made to secure a financial basis broad enough and firm enough to justify establishing even the smallest superstructure adapted to our undertaking. We began by making each member of the Board a solicitor, with reference to raising an endowment fund of $50,000. This failing, Dr. Dwinell, proposing on his own account a journey eastward, was made our agent to gather funds there. But his health gave way, and he was forced to return empty-handed. The first annual report of the treasurer showed liabilities amounting to $350 and no assets. Let us not wonder at this; still less censure either the churches or the Board. There were in September, 1866, thirty-two Congregational churches in the whole of California. Only three of these had a membership of 100 or more. Our strongest church, on which almost all the others leaned, was the first in San Francisco, with 352 members. The total membership was 1428 with 127 non-resident. There was hardly a single wealthy man according to present standards, among them all.

It was therefore a very creditable achievement, brought to pass mainly, I think, through the influence of Rev. Dr. Stone, that in 1869 what was called an endowment of $25,000 was made up and it was determined to begin our work. Rev. Dr. Dwinell had been previously invited to be the first professor, and would have accepted but for the reluctance of our Sacramento church to part with him, and the consequent adverse advice of a council. Early in January, 1869, Rev. Joseph A. Benton was elected as Professor of Sacred Literature, on a pledge of the income of the endowment fund, which at the rate of interest then current was expected to produce $250 per month.

This endowment consisted of notes given mainly by business men in San Francisco, with the understanding that payment of the principal would not be called for so long as the interest was paid. It would seem however that a good number of these notes were paid quite promptly, for we find the Board on April 8th, authorizing a loan of $10,000.

Prof. Benton was courageous enough to accept our invitation, and in March, 1869, the fourth floor of a small building on Montgomery Street having been rented, a Junior class of three was formed two of whom, David F. Watkins and John L. Stevens, were afterwards pioneer missionaries of our American Board in central Mexico, with headquarters at Guadalajara. I think that no other mission of our Board ever equalled that in the speed it made in securing the attention of the people or in leading them in large numbers to the Lamb of God. And therefore no mission, perhaps, ever stirred such bitter opposition from the priesthood. To that murderous hate young Stevens fell a victim and a martyr, but the work went on, and the leader of the mob that slew him and multilated his dead body, impressed in some way (like Saul of Tarsus at the stoning of Stephen, and finding it hard to kick against the goads) became a very apostle of the faith he had sought to destroy, and more than filled the place his rage had made vacant.

I wish that I could reproduce before you the vivid picture on my memory of that fourth-story loft. It was for the three students home, study, seminary library, recitation room and place of earnest and united prayer, an equipment in material things anything else than inspiring. But there walked and worked with them a teacher who did not despise the day of small things, faithful, patient, reticent, but deep down in his heart grandly enthusiastic,—more than a shepherd, a father, to his little flock, living and enduring as seeing things that were invisible.

As we approached a second year in our work so that another professor was needed, Rev. Dr. Stone consented to go East and endeavor to provide for the endowment of this profesorship. He was gone but a little while, for on April 15th, 1870, he had returned and reported $18,683.40 assured and a virtual promise from the Broadway Tabernacle Church in New York of at least $10,000 and an undertaking to make it $25,000 as a complete endowment. This promise, which may not have been so absolute as Dr. Stone understood it to be was at any rate never fulfilled. But the apparent success of Dr. Stone's mission filled us with good cheer, and Rev. Dr. George Mooar was called to the professorship of Biblical Theology, and accepted the invitation.

I cannot pass on without speaking the tribute my heart craves, the privilege of paying to this modest, unassuming, noble man, in his department, one of the best read and most learned men of our or any other generation, expressing his views and the reasons for them with great clearness and simplicity and modest grace, so that I cannot remember an instance of his speaking, even in the three-minute remarks at our ministers' meetings, without feeling fed with just the right word in just the right place. Called to pass through severe afflictions, he bore himself so bravely, so quietly in submission to the Heavenly Father that to look in his face or to walk silently by his side was for me a fresh inspiration, a fresh aspiration. At length he was not for God took him.

The members of our first class were ill-prepared for a course of study such as was prepared for them, and those who offered themselves for a second class were at a like disadvantage. This suggested the establishment of an academy where men who evidently could not take a college course might have a special and less expensive preparation for seminary duties. It was believed that such an acedemy would be more than self-sustaining, so that the income from it would help meet our seminary expenses.

About this time there was in Oakland a real estate boom, and there was also on the sightly summit of a knoll, about a mile from the center of city, a large and comely building erected for a seminary for young ladies. Rev. E. B. Walsworth had resigned his pastorate in Marysville to undertake the founding and conducting of this seminary. If I remember correctly, it was he who had purchased the knoll and a considerable tract around it and had erected the building, expecting that the sale of lots would materially

help him to meet his bills. He had found the undertaking too heavy for him, and the attention of our trustees was called to the spot as affording us a fine building, sufficient to accommodate both the academy and the seminary and with this a fine campus, while the lots, which the seminary itself would make desirable, would enable us to pay for the whole property and get our campus and our building free.

Over a prospect so inviting, all the members of the Board **but one**, became enthusiastic. That one stubbornly declared, without at all undertaking to consider the probabilities of success, that it was **no part of the business** of a theological seminary to speculate in real estate, or, indeed, in anything. To gently punish this obstinacy, it was decided to take the vote, yeas and nays, and have it thus recorded,—the only instance during the nearly thirty years of my service as secretary of the Board in which this was required; and the nay appears as that of the secretary himself.

As matter of fact, a good many lots were sold, especially to friends of the seminary, whether with profit to them or not, I have never ventured to inquire. But a great many were not sold, and the debt incurred in the purchase of the property began ominously to increase through our inability to pay the interest.

I have a vivid recollection of those days. The records as I read them even now seem to throb with the heart-aches. Dr. Mooar was sent East, so the record says, "to raise $30,000 as the least sum that will meet immediate and urgent necessities." But these necessities were not met. The academy, instead of helping us, showed an annual deficit of $800. Loan upon loan is made for "pressing needs."

Rev. Eli Corwin had been appointed financial agent, and had gathered a few subscriptions, one or two of which were afterwards made useful to us, but he soon resigned and went East, where he did good work till God called him. One day it occurred that Deacon L. B. Benchley, of blessed memory, took me riding to see some of the work that he was doing, and availed himself of that opportunity to suggest that I take up the work which Brother Corwin had laid down. I do not remember that I had thought of such a thing before, but his words came to me as a call from the Master himself. I am not quite sure that all of the directors saw any hope in the suggestion, but it was adopted and I accepted the invitation. It was not exactly a new work with me, for it had fallen to my lot before, when any subscription for The Pacific, or for any other matter of general interest, seemed likely to fall through, to have it turned over to me; but nothing approaching this in size or difficulty had ever been required of me. I was sure that before going Eastward, I must be able to show that we in California cared enough about the seminary to give for it generously. The amount agreed upon as necessary was $35,000, and subscriptions were to be sought, collectible only when the whole amount had been subscribed. Then instead of waiting till I could reach individuals able to make large subscriptions, I determined to appeal to the churches and ask for gifts large or small, believing that thus I would not only raise a considerable amount in small gifts, but would give to any individuals, on whom I would call for larger offerings, a statement of the facts much more complete and effective than could posibly be done in a private conversation. I had 2000 subscription cards printed, each one perforated at one corner. I cut a large number of lead pencils into three parts and attached a pencil to each card. I began my work at the Sacramento Church, with the cordial and effective backing of Dr. Dwinell. Before the hour for service, one or more of these cards was suspended from the book-rack in every pew, and in closing my address, attention was called to these, and on Monday I went about, accompanied by Dr. Dwinell and had the subscriptions entered on my book, and I left the city with $1,700 pledged, and thanked God and took courage. In this way I tried to make an appeal to every Congregational church, large or small. I did not succeed in reaching Humboldt County, fearing, I think, that from the feeble churches there I might not receive enough to pay travelling epenses. And I did not reach Ventura or Los Angeles because I was taken sick at Santa Barbara and brought down to the very gate of death. I was most tenderly nursed by kind friends all whose faces were new to me less than a week before. As soon as I was sufficiently recovered to bear the journey, I was obliged to return home. I was disappointed in not visiting Ventura, but as to our little pioneer church in Los Angeles, I was proposing to visit that rather to express sympathy with it in its struggle to exist than to ask from it any aid.

When this work was complete we had $13,000 pledged in California. It does not seem like a large sum now, but then it was simply wonderful. We had at that time in California, North and South, about fifty churches, not one of them a strong church even according to the standards of that day; the two strongest, the first in San Francisco and the first in Oakland, loaded with debt almost to the water's edge. There were in these churches just three men who might be regarded as rich: Mr. Russ of Ferndale, Mr. George Locke of Lockeford, and Mr. Edward Coleman of Grass Valley, accrediting him with the wealth of himself and his brother. Each of the two latter gave $1000. The one first named I failed to see, because I was prevented from reaching Humboldt County.

I felt that with such a practical testimony borne on the ground to the need and value of a theological seminary, I could go East with courage. I thought also that California stood so nearly alone among Western states, and having so many special points of interest, would of itself win favor to my cause and make my work comparatively easy. I was furthermore endorsed by the College Society, and at length, aided by an appropriation from it. I had $22,000 to raise in order to make subscriptions available. I hoped to get it within four months. But it took nine months of the hardest and most cross-bearing toil that ever fell to my lot. I began in Winchester, a suburb of Boston, where my dear friend Edwin C. Bissell, who had been pastor of the Green Street Church in San Francisco, was the pastor. I continued the use of my subscription cards, hanging them in the bookracks. The response was very generous, as I afterwards looked back upon it, but not up to any glowing and reasonless anticipations. It would take more than eighteen such responses to send me home with my goal reached. As I look back upon that canvass, I am not surprised that it took so long or that the work was so hard. Even before it was finished, I began to be surprised that pastors so cheerfully opned their pulpits to me, (for I had scarcely a single idle Sunday,) and that such a multitude of people in very moderate circumstances opened their purses to help me. New England Christians seemed to me, unlike us in California, to take the whole country and the whole world as their field.

A good many incidents live in my memory. I will give two of them.

In one of the mountain towns of Massachusetts there lived an old bachelor named Hitchcock, who by extreme industry, skill and economy, had amassed a fortune, which in his old age he was distributing mainly to young colleges. I went to see him and told him my errand, and came away with a courteous refusal. A good deal depressed, I went to my room at the hotel, endeavoring by prayer to restore my courage while I whittled pencils and adjusted them to subscription cards for my next Sunday's work. At length I was called down to find that Mr. Hitchcock had called upon me. And the outcome of this second interview was a promise of $5,000. But he would not put his name down in the subscription book or give me anything more than his orally uttered word. I felt that for so large a sum I must have something more, both to back up my statement that such a promise had been made, and, not less, to give me some hold on his estate, if he should die before the effort was completed. I had heard that if he lost a copper cent, he would not count **hours** wasted if used in the search for it. I thought I would try him with a postal card, and while on the train returning from his village, I thought of an innocent yet practical question which he could answer in a few words, and enclosed in my letter a postal card addressed to myself, on which he could write the answer. He did not let the postal card be wasted, and I had in his answer what I regarded as ample evidence of his promise. As matter of fact, he did die

suddenly, before I had finished my job, but I received the $5,000 in full.

The other had a different conclusion. I called upon Hon. Rufus S. Frost of Chelsea, and was most courteously received, and was rewarded with a subscription of $100, and with a promise to do something for me much better than that. "I am president of the Congregational Club," he said, "and I will call upon you for an address at its next meeting." I went away gladdened down to the very bottom of my heart. An address there would tell, much more fully and effectively than I could possibly state it in private conversation, the story of our need, and would tell it to at least one hundred and fifty of the very men whom I most desired to meet.

I prepared myself carefully, and was seated where Mr. Frost could not fail to see me, but two very noted Congregational magnates of England were to speak, and I was quite sure that they would occupy all the time, or, if they did not, Mr. Frost might shrink from calling out such a one as myself after the two great men had spoken. He did not forget me, but in a most cordial way introduced me. I went upon the platform and responded: "Brethren, names, like dreams, often go by contraries. Your president is frosty only in name;" and I could feel it all through me that I had captured the club. What gave my little bon mot power was that their President was well known and universally beloved. I told my story of California easily, and I was so kindly greeted by member after member, as the club broke up, that I felt that there was an open door before me, and that very shortly I could return to my home and to the little infant church that was waiting for me. But when I rose the next morning, the papers were black with the news of a financial disaster which put the whole East in peril. The great banking firm of Jay Cooke & Co., and with this the Northern Pacific Railway, had collapsed. As a friend told me the next morning, "We are, all of us, standing like a row of bricks on end; if all can stand together we are safe, if one topples, the whole will go." And there was nothing for me to do but to wait. Some would have said, "Go home and come again in better times." But I had met that temptation time and again, and had my answer ready: "I will stay till this work is done, if it keeps me here life long." At last my way was cleared, I could collect my subscriptions, both in the East and in California, and begin again the dearest service life affords on earth,—the service of a pastor.

But when these subscriptions had been collected, the institution was not founded. I had remitted a very large amount that had been paid to me in sums large or small, and it had been used, partly for current expenses, partly in the purchase of additional property, and afterwards some $12,000 was used in erecting an additional building for the accommodation of the students in theology, so that the larger building could be given exclusively to the academy, in the belief that the academy would yield so large an income as would make this investment sound and remunerative. Disappointed in this, we found the unpaid debt beginning to grow with interest unpaid and current expenses still exceeding income. A disaster also had occurred, which rendered our chief investment unprofitable, and if I correctly understood the case, it finally became a dead loss.

At length we reached the point at which we were compelled to ask our professors, Drs. Benton and Mooar to release us from any further obligation to pay them their salaries. We knew that their resignation would mean the temporary closing of the seminary, and in the end the failure of the enterprise. But we knew that Dr. Benton had private resources well earned and carefully husbanded, the source of which we of the early days could easily imagine. We trusted also that Dr. Mooar could live without a salary, though how this came about, we could not have told. Time proved that our confidence at this point was not misplaced, but this does not diminsh one iota from the debt of gratitude we owe to these brave brethren who stood by the apparently sinking ship, doing their duty as diligently as ever and without a whimper of complaining.

I cannot forget the day when on entering the office of our treasurer, Mr. James M. Haven, he said to me, "Don't you think that the time has come for us to sell our property and pay our debts?" My reply was, "Not as long as assets clearly exceed liabilties," but with a fear in my heart that this could not mean a long delay.

And here again my heart forbids me to go on without paying a tribute of affection and respect to one of the noblest Christian laymen California has ever known. He was a gift to all the churches from our little Mountain Church in Downieville. Having entered there upon the practice of law, he removed at length to San Francisco, and having even though residing at a point so distant from the center, been elected a member of the Board of Trustees at the very inception of our work, he not only continued in it till called to service higher yet in heaven, but he was its attorney and its treasurer for more than thirty years. His professional services given freely to our churches in Central California were equivalent, I suppose (though of course it is only a personal estimate made from a very partial knowledge of his doings) if appraised at usual prices, to more than $25,000. I found one day, upon his table papers which showed that he was the attorney of one of the most prominent of the British firms in San Francisco. The head of that firm was a warm personal friend to me, and when I congratulated him on his choice of an attorney, he replied; "we were on the point of importing from England an attorney whom we could trust. We found Mr. Haven, and we are satisfied."

Man's necessity is God's opportunity,—it is an old adage, and a good and a true one. God opened our way to improve that desperate opportunity, by causing Dr. Dwinell one day to be coming from Sacramento with Moses Hopkins, a brother and heir of Mark Hopkins, one of the "Big Four,"—Stanford Crocker, Huntington and Hopkins—who built the Central Pacific Railroad. The death of the magnate had made his brother a millionaire. Somehow the way was opened for Dr. Dwinell to tell him about our institution and especially about the academy. He became so much much interested that he promised to give us $50,000, provided we met his gift with an equal amount. Dr. Dwinell made haste to bring the good news to our Board. We found that some other conditions had been added to that first stated, and that they were such as could not be fulfilled, and Drs. Benton and Dwinell were sent to him to secure a withdrawal of these, so that we could put the matter to our friends and our churches squarely: $50,000 for $50,000. Meanwhile the rest of the Board continued in prayer that our request might be granted. And it was; and we fell at once to the task of fulfilling the condition. The amount was divided among us. Dr. Benton taking the heaviest load. I remember that my portion was $2000, and thanks to Mrs. A. J. Stiles who had been in other matters my great helper, I was able almost at once to bring in a pledge for my share. But some were less fortunate. Dr. Benton's load was too heavy for him. Thirteen thousand dollars must be found, and we seemed to have reached the end of our line. I can never forget the sensations which crept over me as I sat in the Board at its oft-repeated meetings. Those of you who, in New England, have seen the black cloud of an approaching thunder storm rolling up over the sky, and have felt the attendant quiver in your hearts and frames, can know how I sat there, dreading what, without a word said, I seemed to know was coming. And it came at last. "Brother Pond must go out; we will take care of his services and see that the young church suffers no loss;" and I could not say no though the darkness into which I was entering was absolute. I asked them to adjourn to meet shortly again and I would consult with my church and give my answer. It was this:—a rather harsh one, but one which previous experience made me feel to be necessary if I was at all to succeed. I said: "While this is going on, I must be Czar; nothing financial must be undertaken without my consent; I must have your full cooperation, and if I need your companionship in appealing to any one, you must give it to me; moreover I must be at liberty to confess our faults in the past and as your agent to say everywhere that if, after this effort is successful, a note of this corporation is given for even so much as twenty-five cents, the subscribers may come back upon us and collect their subscriptions." And this pledge was given. I do

not quite understand even to this day the blessing that followed. The black cloud broke into clear sunshine. I was cordially received everywhere. I began as before, with subscription cards; and at the church close to the seminary. The response of $700 from a company so small and a church so young, surprised and cheered me. Then I began to ask the churches as such to subscribe, with the understanding that their subscriptions would go into the endowment fund and as long as six per cent interest was paid upon them, the principal might remain intact, and notes were drawn and signed stating clearly this obligation. It proved to be a substantial endowment. I believe that not even one church has defaulted in the interest, while all but two have paid the principal. The successes were weekly chronicled in a rather stirring article in **The Pacific**, and the enthusiasm became widespread. The $13,000 was raised. But then it was discovered that $5,000 which had been subscribed before for scholarships ought not to be counted in as a part of our $50,000, as indeed it ought not, and thus the amount came to be $18,000, and when this was reached, other assets were thrown out as not proper to be counted in this particular effort. So that at length the amount became $23,000, and was raised. The privilege was accorded to me of calling upon Mr. Hopkins and showing him that the condition was fulfilled, and of receiving from him in cash and a good note the $50,000 which he had promised. All debts were paid. The endowments were re-established, and our patient professors began again to receive their salaries,—which, however, in view of the pledge that no debts should be incurred, were to be the income from the respective endowments, whether more or less. The academy was also placed upon a more safe financial basis, and was afterwards sold, if my memory serves me well, for about $50,000.

And here my story ends. I am glad and grateful to know that what I raised with no little toil and trouble sinks into comparative insignificance as seen side by side with what has come since in large gifts running up into the tens of thousands from wealthy friends in response to the appeals of others, till now the assets exceed a half million, and the future of the beloved seminary seems to be clear of all financial peril. "Unto him that hath shall be given," but, thank God, we were delivered from the sequel of that text, for from that which had not there was not taken that which it had.

Among the Churches.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

Santa Cruz.—At the last communion service 19 persons were received to membership, 18 of them coming on confession.

San Francisco, Chinese.—Last Sunday three young men were added on confession of faith to the Chinese Congregational Church in this city and two children were baptized. One of those added is a somewhat prominent Chinese merchant, and a man who, baptized with the Holy Spirit, would seem fitted to do good work for Christ.

Sebastopol.—One of the members of the church has given the Rev. F. W. Dean, the pastor, a fine five-passenger automobile. This will enable the pastor to reach the country people in a much more effective way. The work in Sebastopol is growing. Congregations and Sunday-school attendance show a gratifying increase. The Ladies' Aid with a membership of about 120 is an able auxiliary.

Sunset Church, San Francisco.—It is good news that the Ocean View church has consented that the Sunset church should share equally with itself in the service of its pastor, Rev. E. A. Charnock. This is, perhaps, old news to other readers of The Pacific, but not so to me. He began to preach there on Sunday evening, August 31st, and has continued to do so till now. Sunday morning is given to the Sunday-school, and Mr. Charnock's Sunday morning is given to Ocean View church and Sunday-school. Mr. Noel H. Jacks is the very acceptable substitute there for Mr. Charnock on Sunday evenings. This arrangement was made permanent by vote of the Sunset Church, taken about October 1st. The same tact and energy which saved Ocean View Church three years and a half ago from despair and dissolution is bringing to pass similar results under much more favorable circumstances at Sunset. The audiences are not too large to be counted and this is the record: August 31st, 25; Sept. 7th, 36; Sept. 14th, 38; Sept. 21st, 51; Sept. 28th, 47. More than 100 per cent in 30 days is surely a hopeful showing. On October 5th Bro. Charnock accepted the invitation of the church and had this for the theme of his sermon, "The Sunset Congregational Church: a Vision." A Survey Committee was immediately organized to make a house-to-house canvass for the purpose of securing a reliable list of people interested in anyway in the church. On Tuesday evening, October 14th, ten men sat down together in the church parlor at a simple supper with Sunset church as the theme of conversation and with the result that an organization auxiliary to the church was determined upon with reference to which these men and others met last Sunday afternoon. This meeting was held and the organization was effected and measures taken to put the finances on a sound basis through the use of the weekly envelope system. Sunset Church has recently had the opportunity to refuse to die. I rejoice when I heard that it had been brave enough to decline to be a part of a Union church, seeing distinctly that this proposal, though couched in better-sounding words was in effect a proposal to lie down and die. Have not we Congregationalists in this city gone far enough now in this process of killing churches to learn the unwisdom of it? W. C. P.

PLYMOUTH PLANS FOR A NEW AUDITORIUM.

On the calendar for November the 2nd there was the following message from Mr. Palmer, the pastor, to the members and friends of Plymouth Church, Oakland:

"The action taken last Wednesday night authorizing the trustees to proceed to the securing of pledges and the appointment of a Building Committee to secure plans and go forward to the construction of a new auditorium as soon as, in their judgment, such a step is wise, represents the beginning of a new era in the history of Plymouth Church. The meeting was a sober and serious one. The action taken was not the result of any passing wave of enthusiasm. The difficulties and objections to such a forward step were presented and considered. The vote was not taken by acclamation but by secret ballot. 113 out of 121 people present voted aye.

"We now stand definitely committed to the largest task we have ever undertaken. It will take some fifty or sixty thousand dollars to provide an adequate auditorium. If we move unitedly and vigorously, each one of us doing loyally his best, it might be possible for us to dedicate our new church on Easter Sunday. To do so would be to make possible a great increase in our membership and in our congregation. It would also mean better facilities for our

Sunday School, for the school would use the new auditorium as a general assembly room.

"We have always done every large thing we have attempted to do in this church. We can do this. The community expects us to do it. We cannot adequately meet our opportunity and responsibility for religious leadership in this part of the city unless we now go forward and provide an adequate auditorium to correspond with our Parish House.

"This is a day for renewal of loyalty, for high faith and united effort. This winter can be a wonderful one to us as we labor and struggle together, and next Easter will be the greatest Easter in the history of the church if we can on that day with joy enter into a new church home—large, simple and beautiful—not given to us without effort, but built because of our own self-sacrifice and devotion.

"To this end I pledge you my very best in time and effort. Are you ready to stand with me in making this new church the one large interest in our common life between now and Easter?"

AN ACTING PASTOR FOR FIRST CHURCH, OAKLAND.

For several weeks the Rev. R. F. Carter has been acting pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oakland. About the middle of October the deacons and trustees sent the following message to the church:

"At the joint request of the Trustees and Deacons Mr. Carter has consented to become the Acting Pastor of the church in a larger sense than hereotfore. Hereafter, until the present vacancy is definitely filled, he will occupy the pulpit regularly. This will mean more exacting demands than ever upon his time and strength and we, upon our part, must more efficiently rally to his assistance so that the work, especialy that with the young people, may be vigorously maintained.

"Mr. Carter's faithful and self-forgetting efforts in our behalf during this time of stress have been widely remarked and deeply appreciated by the church. We can show it in no better way than by catching his spirit of service and with a like earnestness and enthusiasm follow his leadership in preparation for the larger things that surely lie ahead."

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Dr. Pond's Founders' Day Address is replete with valuable reminiscences. It is history well worth reading and preserving.

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, the address will be by Professor Wicher of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at San Anselmo.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union passed some very suggestive and important resolutions at its recent convention. Now that women are voters our legislators will give such resolutions more consideration than they have heretofore. Read them as they appear elsewhere in the Pacific this week.

Tuesday evening of next week an Italian church will be organized in the Green Street Church, San Francisco. Addresses will be given by the Rev. Dr. Aked and by Dr. Landon of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary. Friends of the Green Street work are urged to attend this service, and thus give added impetus and encouragement to an exceedingly important work.

The Home.

HOW TO SAVE TIME.

When people say that they are doing this or that "to pass away the time," they forget that "time is the stuff life is made of."

Wasting time is the same thing as wasting life, and those who know how to economize time have learned the only possible way of lengthening their lives.

Almost everyone has observed that some persons are able to accomplish a great deal, while others, who have as favorable opportunities, equal talent, and as good health as they, do very little. Now, one person has really no more time than another, only he chooses to use it differently.

When you read the lives of famous persons, you will always find that they have been great workers. The celebrated Madame Roland was not only a politician and a scholar, but a housekeeper. In her "Appeal to Posterity," she says: "Those who know how to employ themselves always find leisure moments, while those who do nothing are in want of time for everything."

Mrs. Somerville, the famous astronomer, knew how to crowd a great deal into life. Young people are apt to suppose that one who was as learned as she was must have spent all her life in hard study, and have a very stupid time. But Mrs. Somerville learned to use her moments so carefully that she had time for many things besides her mathematics. She went into very brilliant society, read and wrote much, and—let me whisper to the girls—found time to make her own dresses and attend to many domestic duties, which some people would consider unworthy the attention of a great and learned mind. What helped her most, in all these varied employments, was that she had the power of so concentrating her attention upon what she was doing, that nothing going on around her could distract her thoughts.

It is true that all cannot do this, if they try ever so hard; but many who have not formed the habit of concentrating attention cannot read to themselves or write an ordinary letter where others are talking.

Another good way of saving is to learn to move quickly, not forgetting, however, that there is a kind of "haste" which "makes waste." Try to acquire a dextereity in doing those common things which must be done very frequently. For instance, the operation of dressing has to be gone through by all many times in the course of the year, yet some people are always dressed at the appointed time, while others, who have been busy as long as they are sure to be behindhand, because they have a habit of dawdling.

Whatever you have to do, learn first to do it in the best way, and then to be as little while about it as is consistent with doing it properly.

Those who take care of the moments find that the hours take care of themselves.

Some people keep up a large correspondence by writing letters in their odd moments, while others are always burdened with unanswered letters, and when they do write, are sure to take time which makes it necessary for them to neglect some more important duty.

Another good rule is not to try to do too many things at a time. There is a very pretty story by Jane Taylor, called "Busy Idleness," which illustrates this. It is an account of two sisters, one of whom worked hard for two weeks to accomplish nothing but a collection of beginnings, all of very useful things, but not one complete; while the other, without half the trouble, had really done a good deal by not attempting more than she was able to finish.

We waste more time in waiting for ourselves than we do in waiting for others, and after we have done one thing, we are often so long in deciding what to take up next, that when we have decided, the time is gone which we ought to have given to it. But those who are always ready to pass quickly from one occupation to another will have accomplished all they had intended while we have been thinking what to be at. If you have some definite idea in the morning of what you mean to do during the day, whether in work or play, you will do more than you will if you simply pass from one thing to another with no plan: and you will be more likely to do things at the proper time.

Another help to save time is the habit of keeping things where they belong, so that you will not waste precious moments in looking for them. Have at least two books always in reading—one which does not require very close attention, for leisure moments, when you do not feel like doing much, and one solid one, which requires more continuous thought. I suppose this was the plan of the old lady who always sent to the library for "a sermon book, and another book."

It is surprising how much can be acquired by giving a little. time each day to systematic reading. The story is often told of the young man who read through Macaulay's "History of England," and was surprised at ending so soon, by a habit of reading a few pages each day, while he was waiting for his dinner. Of course, the same rule applies to other things, as well as to reading.

Do not imagine, after all this, that simply because you are always doing something you are industrious. You may be worse than idle, if you are wasting not only time, but eyesight and material. Work must be to some purpose, to be worthy of the name. It may be better to be idle all day, than to be reading trash, or straining your eyes and nerves over some intricate and useless piece of needlework. Many of these things are made only "to give away," because people are too indolent to think of any gift more useful or appropriate. A simple, inexpensive present, which shows that you have thought of what your friend would like best, is better than a very costly and elaborate one, which is only made from a wish to get rid of an obligation, and which misuses time in the making.

Whatever you do, do it with all your might, whether it be croquet, or arithmetic, or baseball, or wosted work. If a boy is thinking of his Latin lesson when he ought to be striking a ball, he will probably be thinking of the game when he ought to be saying "Sum, es, est," and the result will be that he will have neither a good lesson nor a good score.

Now, perhaps, you will say that all this advice is of no use to you, because you have all the time you want now; but you must not forget that there are a great many people in the world who find it hard work to crowd into a day all that it is necessary for them to do, and they would be very glad to have you give some of your leisure to them. Unemployed time is a sure indication of neglected duty. Even the ant in the old nursery rhyme says:

"I always find something or other to do,
If not for myself, for my neighbor."

When you have not enough to occupy you, look among your circle of acquaintances, and see who of them needs to have you "lend a hand."—From "Home Topics."

IN OUR FATHER'S CARE.

The ships glide in at the harbor's mouth,
And the ships sail out to sea,
And the wind that sweeps from the sunny south,
Is as sweet as sweet can be.
There's a world of toil and a world of pains,
There's a world of trouble and care;
But O, in the world where our Father reigns,
There is gladness everywhere.

The earth is fair in the breezy morn,
And the toilers sow and reap,
And the fullness of the tasseled corn,
Whether we wake or sleep.
And far on the hills by feet untrod
There are blossoms that scent the air,
For O, in this world of our Father, God,
There is beauty everywhere.

The ships sail over the harbor bar,
Away and away to sea;
The ships sail in with the evening star
To the port where no tempests be.
The harvest waves on the summer hills,
And the bands go forth to reap;
And all is right as our Father wills,
Whether we wake or sleep."

For The Children.

JUST SUPPOSE.

I am quite sure, unless you had seen him in a tantrum, you never could have believed that Harold Allen and the Tantrum Boy were one and the same child.

Harold had a round little face, all dimples and smiles. His eyes were big and brown, and his hair like yellow corn silk. His mother tied the front of his hair over his left eye with a big blue bow, which gave Harold a perfectly bewitching appearance. When he was clothed and in his right mind, he wore a blue duck Russian blouse suit, all waist and belt, from under which his round bare legs encased in socks and russet shoes showed in all their chubby beauty. Harold Allen was lovely, and a delight to all who knew him; but the Tantrum Boy—Oh, me! and oh, my!

He was a terrible object, dark of brow, with pouting lips and wrathful eyes. He tore the blue bow from Harold's hair, he soiled the dainty dress, and kicked the russet shoes in a most shocking manner.

One day Mrs. Allen dressed Harold in all his glory, gave him a kiss, and said, "There, now, what does he want to do?"

"Go fishing in the lake!"

"But, Harold, you have been to the lake all the morning,

the sun is hot. Mother will take you for a drive. We will"—

"No, no; I almost had a fish this morning. I want to go and get him!

Mother shook her head, and her lips grew firm. Thereupon went down before the enemy, and the Tantrum Boy raised the flag over the fallen hero. Mrs. Allen took the Tantrum Boy by the arm; firmly and relentlessly she dragged him to the closed door of the closet, she took the little finger—the very littlest one—of the right hand, and placed the rosy tip in the keyhole! This is what she said:—

"Now, when Harold comes back and sees this dreadful boy standing here, he will drive him away. Don't you stir from this spot until Harold comes back!" With that she turned and left the room, turning the key in the hall door as she went.

The Tantrum Boy was simply appalled. There he stood like a little silly with his finger in the keyhole. So he stared and stared at the closed door of the closet, too surprised to kick. Still Harold did not return, and gradually a sullen stubbornness took possession of the hero of the keyhole. He would stand there forever! Already his arm was stiff. Outside the summer day buzzed and droned sweetly. The elm-tree near the bedroom window swayed to and fro, just as if she were rocking the baby breezes to sleep, and Tantrum Boy listened.

Then he felt some one tugging at his finger, tugging at the end that was in the keyhole. At first he was frightened; for, pull as he would, he could not get away. Then, to his amazement, he felt himself following his finger, actually going through the keyhole. It was rather mortifying to think he was small enough for that. At last he was on the other side, but, to his horror, it was not the inside of the closet that he stood in, but a new and strange land, and, facing him was as ugly and ill-conditioned looking an object as even the Tantrum Boy had ever seen when looking in the mirror!

"Well, now that you are here, what do you think of it?" asked the cross creature, in a snarly voice.

"Where am I?" quivered Master Tantrum.

"In the land of Do-as-you-please."

"You are not very civil," Tantrum went on, in a much milder voice.

"Well, what is that to you? You can't have all the black looks to yourself in this free country. Here I choose to storm and kick. What have you to say to that? You've done it yourself." With that the creature made such an outcry that Master Tantrum started back in terror.

"Come on," said the mad thing, "I am your twin brother. It is outrageous the way they treat you out there,—never letting you finish what you want to do, always telling you what would happen if you did certain things Now in this country the things you wanted to do are alive and waiting for you. Just think what you want to do first."

With that Tantrum Boy sat down by the roadside to think, and Fuss and Fume amused himself by screaming and crying. The noise finally aroused the inhabitants, and they came prancing to the spot,—a wild crew. Soon the landscape of the beautiful land of Do-as-you-please was marred by a mob, who filled the air with screams and shouts. "Why don't you join in it?" called Fuss and Fume. "You used to like this sort of fun."

"I'm—I'm thinking," answered Tantrum, meekly.

"Oh, well, suit yourself!" And again the mad lot went on with their noise.

The more he thought, the more unhappy he became. He could do just as he pleased, but so could every one else. At last Fuss and Fume finished his idle temper and came to Tantrum.

"Have you thought?" he asked surlily. "Mercy knows you made outcry enough on the other side of the door when you couldn't do things! Now that you can do them, you act queer enough. I must say you look very much like that Harold Boy, but we never could have got him through a keyhole!"

A flush of shame covered Tantrum's face, and a sigh fluttered from between his pouting lips.

"Come, come! snapped Fuss and Fume, "I didn't hunt you up for this. You've got to want to do something wrong! You shall! you shall! you shall!"

Why, there was the fishing he had wanted to do! The little fish he had almost caught might be waiting for him at that very minute! "I want to go to the lake!" shrieked Tantrum above the uproar. "I want to catch that little fish!"

"Come on then!" shouted Fuss and Fume. "And do kick or do something. When you are in Do-as-you-please, you must Do-as-you-please do!"

This almost made Tantrum laugh, but all desire to sream and act foolishly had departed. Very solemnly he started to go fishing.

A moment more and a blue lake lay before the two boys, —a beautiful lake smooth and peaceful. But, as they looked, it was suddenly lashed into a wild sea, and Fuss and Fume remarked appreciatively: "The fish like to go in passions. It isn't nice for us; but then, they have as much right as we!"

"But they are getting me all wet!" wailed Tantrum. "They are spoiling my clothes!"

"Oh, well, you have spoiled Harold's often enough. It's great fun, you know, to do exactly what you want to do, and never consider any one else!"

Down went Tantrum's head. How often he had screamed in the old, old days, "I don't care!" and that was what all the fish were screaming now, down there under the whitecapped waves! While he looked in alarm, out from the water came a large fish head, and in the most terrible voice Tantrum had ever heard came these words, "Here I am: catch me!"

"I've—I've changed my mind!" stammered poor, meek Tantrum.

"Well, I've changed mine, also. This morning I wanted you to catch me. Now I want to catch you!" Tantrum grew cold with fright. It was one thing to want to do wrong, quite another for wrong to do you. But in the land of Do-as-you-please equal rights exist, and one must expect that when he starts on his wild career.

"Catch me!" wailed the poor boy. "Oh! please, please don't."

"I want to! I shall!" flapped the fish. "And so shall we!" piped in a wild chorus; and there from every direction came the things Tantrum had wanted to do in that black, misguided past.

There was all the jam he wanted to eat,—a sickly thin creature, with every seed a little eye that pricked Tantrum like a pain as it ran forward.

There were the scissors that he wanted to cut his curls off with. Dear me! how they snapped as they hurled toward him, making for his curls! There was the ink bottle he had wanted to paint with, darkening the air as it came hurrying from a high shelf eager to paint him! Tantrum could stand no more! The sight of all those Wrong Things alive and

ready for him threw him in fear. He remembered the keyhole. He knew that that was his one chance of escape from the land of Do-as-you-please.

It was a neck-to-neck race over the ups and downs of that free country; but off in the distance was the door, and, shining through it like a star, the keyhole, Tantrum's only hope!

Fast and faster he went, Fuss and Fume on his heels, and the Things clattering after. At the doorway poor Tantrum halted, and a voice calm and clear sounded,—

"Who stands without?"

"Tantrum. Open, open to me!"

"Tantrum, eh? Well, you are just where you belong."

"Who are you?" faltered Tantrum.

"Harold Allen." There was a new note in the little voice, a note of triumph. Tantrum understood and grew smaller and smaller as he realized that he was conquered at last.

"Let me in!" he pleaded. "I will be good. I cannot live in this country. Let me in!"

"Crawl through!"

So painfully, slowly, Tantrum crawled through the keyhole, and, once on the other side, he heard the birds singing, and saw the elm swaying in the gentlest way; and there upon the floor of the bedroom he crouched while his littlest finger ached, but the kind mother was beside him, and she said,—

"Who is this, Harold or Tantrum Boy?" A brave, sweet voice answered,—

"It's Harold, mother. He's come to stay for always. Please never, never put his finger in the keyhole. He might get pulled through."—H. G. Flinold.

WHO OWNS THE APPLE-TREE?

The robin thinks the apple-tree
Is all for him, for him,
As he tucks his head beneath his wing
Upon a leafy limb.

The maiden thinks the apple-tree
Is all for her, for her,
As she decks with twigs of rosy bloom
Her gown of gossamer.

The farmer thinks the apple-tree
Is his from top to root,
As he nails the barrel-head above
The red and yellow fruit.

Wind, rain, and sunshine freely flow
From dewy spring till fall,—
Please pass the apples, Ralph,—and so
The tree is for us all.

—Ida Whipple Benham.

THE UNDESIRABLE CHUM.

The word chum has such tender associations that I almost shrink from speaking of its more sombre side. The dictionary, after telling us that a chum is a room-mate, an intimate friend, a habitual companion, says that the term is also used to denote the finely-chopped bits of fish, lobsters and meat which fishermen throw overboard to coax the fish over the net ready to be drawn up with its host of innocent captives.

So you see that bad chums are satanic devices to lure the innocent over the nets of evil. It is sad to see a man chumming with those far beneath him in intelligence, morality and general tastes. And a woeful thing about it is that he flatters himself on being able to throw off his undesirable companions at pleasure. He rather pities his associates on being permanently in the way of sn. He congratulates hmself on the fact that he is merely traveling with them for a short distance. He never imagines it possible to fall with them into their final degradation.

This is the almost universal delusion of the devil's dupes. To these the wise man of Proverbs speaks: "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

Young man, the world will judge you by the company you keep. Bad chums are the worst of recommendations. The managing director of a large factory had been discussing the merits of a young fellow in his employ for a responsible position in which absolute integrity loomed up big as an important quality. The appointment was all but made. But just at noon one day the girl at the switchboard by mistake had the manager answer a call intended for the about-to-be promoted youth. The words he heard were: "John, here's a good tip; play 'Highflyer' in the third race.'

Investigation showed that the race track tout was advising a steady customer. The young fellow did not receive the appointment. He was a chum of fools!

Sabbath Reading.—"Louise I really can not permit you to read novels on Sunday."

"But, grandmamma, this novel is all right; it tells about a girl who was engaged to three Episcopal clergymen, all at once"—Life.

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